

No. for March 8, 1882, band with v. 10

VOL. XI.-No. 262.

MARCH 15, 1882

Price, 10 Cents.

"What fools these Mortals be!"  
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

# Suck

PUBLISHED BY  
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

NEW YORK  
TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1878.

OFFICE No. 21 - 23 WARREN ST.

"ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILED AT SECOND CLASS RATES."



ARTHUR'S AWKWARD "WHITE ELEPHANT."

"How shall I ever get rid of him? It won't do for me to have him on my hands in 1884!"

## PUCK.

OFFICE: Nos. 21 & 23 WARREN STREET,  
NEW YORK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

## TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

(UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)

One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers.....	\$5.00
One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers.....	2.50
One Copy, for 13 weeks.....	1.25
ENGLAND AND ALL COUNTRIES IN THE BERNE POSTAL TREATY.	
One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers.....	\$6.00
One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers.....	3.00
One Copy, three months, or 13 numbers.....	1.50

\* \* \* INCLUDING POSTAGE. \* \* \*

UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF JOS. KEPPLER  
BUSINESS MANAGER A. SCHWARZMANN  
EDITOR H. C. BUNNER

PUCK is on sale in London, at HENRY F. GILLIG &amp; CO'S., AMERICAN EXCHANGE, 449, Strand, Charing Cross, and at THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY, 11, Bouvier Street, Fleet Street; in Glasgow, at G. F. ALLAN'S, 31 Renfield Street; in Paris, at TERQUEM'S, 15 Boulevard Saint Martin, and on file at the Herald Office, 49 Avenue de l'Opera. In Germany, at F. A. BROCKHAUS'S, Leipzig, Berlin and Vienna.

STAMPS OR NO STAMPS,  
WE WILL NOT RETURN MS. TO  
ANYBODY.

## FICTION.

## A WEEKLY PUBLICATION CONTAINING ONLY STORIES.

Published Every Monday.

No. 29 contains "AN OPIUM STORY," by Ernest Harvier; which presents a vivid picture of the fascinations and deadly terrors which are the inevitable consequences of the use of the direful narcotic; "David Blake" is developing a stirring plot, and its characters are handled with masterly skill; "The de Luneville Mystery" is a very clever detective story of the unraveling of a murder, told in a way that would do credit to Gaboriau; "The Rival Jarls" depicts the romance of life among the chieftains of Iceland, in the eleventh century; "Faith" ably maintains its interest as it draws to an end, and is clearly entitled to rank as one of the best of recent American novels; "A Neat Job" is a little bit of true life, told by a burglar; "A Dangerous Experiment" is one of the most striking and powerful experiences of artistic life that has ever been published. The price of FICTION is 10 cents per copy; \$4 a year.

## CONTENTS:

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.  
ESSENTIAL OIL OF CONGRESS.  
Marsh Song—Sunrise—poem—Eugene Field.  
Washington Sketches—illustrated.  
PUCKERINGS.  
Select Essays—R. K. Munkittrick.  
A Dangerous Flirtation—illustrated.  
England's Nightmare—illustrated.  
FITZNODDE IN AMERICA—No. CCXV.  
Swimp—poem—Jade Oyle.  
Forgotten—illustrated.  
Ballade to Bohemians—poem—A. E. Watrous.  
Ready for Proctor—Jabez McResurgan.  
Sketch for a Historical Picture—illustrated.  
AMUSEMENTS.  
Some Other Time.  
A New Ruler in the Land—illustrated.  
ANSWERS FOR THE ANXIOUTS.  
Choice Communications.  
LITERARY NOTES.  
Exquisite Gems.  
In a Cosmopolitan City—illustrated.  
Jenkin's Umbrella—R. K. M.  
PUCK'S EXCHANGES.

## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

MARCH, that came in with a chest-protector, may go out with a palm-leaf fan. To the beautiful elasticity of the American climate, all things are possible. The hope of Spring is already beginning to blossom in our hearts. Even in our sciatica is the promise of summer. In the resinous odor of that anti-rheumatic oil wherewith we anoint our stiffened limbs we catch a suggestion of the balsamic pungency of the pine-needles that carpet the hard ground on sea-ward looking heights, below which the lazy billows tumble in the sun. Our porous plasters cling to us with a passionate adherence, foreseeing the day when we shall cast them ungratefully off. In the lengthening evenings the young year indulges in delicious moments of lingering over her faint fresh sunsets, like an artist-novice who fondly contemplates his first picture. About this time the

ulster begins to wear a draggled and despondent look, as though it felt rather ashamed of itself, and a chance encounter with a new spring overcoat is enough to cast it into the utter self-abasement of hopeless shabbiness.

\* \* \*

Even in those melancholy wastes of neglect which we call our public parks, and which serve as monuments of the Commissioners' victorious combat with Nature, common-sense and Mr. Frederick Law Olmstead, there is some poor show of hopefulness, as though the wretched places really began to believe that the Spring would condescend to visit them as well as the rest of the world. The few trees that our dear friend Mr. Wenman left stretch their bare branches out, and bravely make up their mind to bud in April. On the bald spots of earth a few stray, hardy blades that have survived the winter lift up their yellow heads and determine to do something to confirm the impression given by the red signs that there really is some grass there, off which the citizens must keep. The dirty fountains gape, yearning for a better bath than the mournful March rains afford them. The park policeman sets his wife to freshening up his gray uniform, and dreams of new vernal conquests among the nurse-maids. Let him not be premature. Spring comes to our parks last of all places. She does not wish to be discouraged.

\* \* \*

Who is this that cometh with feet of ice and a sound of great coughing? The undertaker stirreth his fire and rubbeth his hands. The sexton imbibeth a nip of the rum which perisheth, in the warm seclusion of the church lobby, and is exceeding glad. The florist displayeth in his window a small pillow of immortelles, six inches by nine, \$5.—, with the inscription thereon "At Rest." Yea, who is this that cometh and brisketh up trade? This is Pneumonia. Of old he was called Cold-on-the-Chest; but this age is grown aesthetic, and verily it will not die unless it dieth in Greek. Wherefore cometh he? He cometh because the winds of March are of a mixed order, and the mild wind from the west inviteth a man to take off his flannels, and the wild wind from the east taketh off the man without the formality of an invitation. Why do we sing of this thing, seeing that we are singing a paean to Spring? Because Spring is in with Pneumonia, and they have made a deal, and they have pooled their issues. Therefore be glad in thy heart, O Reader, that the Spring is near at hand; but rivet thy red flannel pad to thy manly chest and fasten down the edges with mucilage. Selah.

\* \* \*

Mr. Conkling is still on President Arthur's hands, and the President must pay his debts. The ex-Senator refuses to be elevated to the Supreme Bench; he refuses to take office; he is quiet, but oracular, and gets credit for doing a powerful lot of thinking. We are aware that Mr. Conkling has naught to do but sit in his office, grant interviews to his clients, and pocket his fees, which, we are credibly informed, amount to some hundred thousand dollars a week. But, from what we know of Mr. Conkling, we feel quite certain that the mere drudgery of legal practice, even with so princely an income, will not satisfy Mr. Conkling's ambition and craving for distinction. One would think that, after the proud and patriotic position he occupied with respect to the late President, he had achieved a triumph and acquired a reputation sufficient for a lifetime; but it is not so.

\* \* \*

Mr. Conkling has an eye on the Presidency for himself, notwithstanding his friendly offices for General Grant when the perennial third-termer came to grief at Chicago; and perhaps

Mr. Conkling's friends—including President Arthur—will have to do their best to put him in the White House, just to get rid of him. No man ever fills the Presidential chair without an idea of being re-elected for a second term. We question, even, if the mild, temperate and harmless Mr. Hayes did not build airy castles based on this fancy, and only realized its futility when he gathered together his mush-and-milk bowls and hymn-books and returned to his Sunday-school and conventicle in his beloved State of Ohio. We do not mean to say that President Arthur is guilty of this weakness, if weakness it can be called; but if he has any ideas this way, Mr. Conkling is a White Elephant of the most awkward kind to have about loose.

\* \* \*

Awkward as he is, however, we cannot advise President Arthur what disposition to make of him. If Mr. Conkling will listen to us, we would suggest that he stick to private life—the more private the better—or go into partnership with General Grant, and settle in some quiet and remote village where he and the General can talk over their shattered aspirations and blasted hopes. Mr. Conkling may take our word for it that the public will become quite reconciled to his departure from the field of politics. It can spare him, because it has not yet found out what the great ex-Senator has ever done for the country, and the discovery will take some time. We know almost as well as Mr. Conkling knows himself, that he is a great orator, a great statesman, a great lawyer, and, above all, that he has never stolen any of the public money. This is a grand thing to be able to say of any American politician nowadays, and adds to Mr. Conkling's greatness; but, on the whole, we prefer a smaller man.

\* \* \*

In these halcyon days, when the pious cashier amuses himself by indulging in defalcations, and the bank or insurance company smoothly fails, and the unfortunate depositor finds out that he is the victim of misplaced confidence, the unlucky institution is always placed in the hands of a receiver, who distinguishes himself by receiving all the money that the wreck of the company will yield, and paying out to those who are entitled to the proceedings just nothing at all. It is quite a nice, comfortable, family and friendly arrangement. The Confidence Assurance Society finds out, one fine day, that it is about time that it gave up the pretence of being in a sound condition—its directors and officers having used all the surplus cash and easily negotiable securities for their own purposes.

\* \* \*

The affairs of the corporation are then submitted to a court, the judge of which chooses a receiver, and, strange to say, he never has any difficulty about it; and that is the end of the Confidence Assurance Society, as far as the policy-holders are concerned. But it is a long time before the all-powerful receiver, acting under the authority of the court, has finished with the society. It will support him, his family, his legal friends for years to come. They will never leave the wreck until there is not a spar or a rope's end, that can be turned into cash, to be got from it. They will strip it as the locusts strip trees of their leaves and fruit. And this kind of business is going on daily around us. The profession of receiver, or licensed wrecker, is a recognized one, for fortunes are to be made in a few years by adopting it. The judges recognize it, and have their favorites who wax rich with such countenance and support. The moral is that it is much better to be a receiver of a bankrupt corporation than a policy-holder or a creditor.

## ESSENTIAL OIL OF CONGRESS.



WASHINGTON March 8th.  
SENATE.

## THE CHINESE QUESTION.

**SENATOR PLATT.**—I am very fond of the Chinese, I am deeply enamored with Hindoos, I love Hottentots, I have a strong regard for Maoris, Bosjesmen and Zulus. The Chinese must come, and then we shall have cheap opium, cheap fans and cheap pig-tails. I object to invidious discrimination against any race or anybody. Suppose the invidious discrimination had been applied to me when I was a candidate for Senator, where should I be now? Nowhere. Chinese for me, I say, all the time. Every man has a right to labor. I don't labor much myself, but I like to see Chinamen doing it, especially in this country; besides, no one can get up my shirts so well.

**SENATOR INGALLS.**—Much as I love the Chinese, I love negroes and my other fellow-citizens still more. Let us then, dear boys, let us do without them until 1892, and then see how we get along. I have perfect confidence in posterity.

The Senate, by a tie-vote, 23 to 23, did not seem to see it from Senator Ingall's point of view.

**SENATOR HOAR** wished to have his little say. He would not express his opinion as to his regard for Chinamen, but it was high—very high. The Declaration of Independence said the Chinese must come, and he did not see very well how the Senate could go back on that document. What would the Emperor of China say? What would his wife, his mother, his sister-in-law and the other members of the family, not forgetting the assistant-deputy mandarin of the blue umbrella, think of us? He saw no reason why this should be a white man's government. He yet hoped to see the day when we should have a black man in the White House. There had been a great deal of talk about homogeneity of the people. He did not quite understand the meaning of the word, but he knew it was something in favor of the bill; but whatever it was, he was diametrically opposed to homogeneity.

**SENATOR EDMUNDS** trusted that the assembled Senators would entirely dismiss from their minds the idea that he was a Presidential candidate for 1884, as, if they did not, there could be no proper understanding of the meaning he wished to convey. Americans had a right to say what people they wanted, and what people they did not want. He [Senator Edmunds] was an American person, and he did not want the Chinese.

**SENATOR INGALLS** wished to say some more. He was painfully aware that he was not humorous, and he didn't think he could be sarcastic if he tried; but if there was one man in the Senate who had succeeded in misrepresenting him in his absence, that man was the Senator from Massachusetts.

**SENATOR HOAR.**—You surely can't mean me?

**SENATOR INGALLS.**—Oh, dear, no! not by no manner of means. Since I have been re-

freshing myself with stationery, I have somewhat altered my mind about the bill before the Senate. I now approve of it in every respect, and I wish particularly that my very intimate friend, the Emperor of China, be informed as to what we are doing with regard to his subjects. In any case, I don't wish a Mongolian gentleman kept out of this country without the brother to the sun and moon being duly advised, as I know he would feel hurt. I think, at least, we ought to give him time and opportunity—thirty days would perhaps be enough—to stop the tea, silk and all such things from being sent to this country, and to expel all American merchants on Chinese soil.

## MARSH SONG—SUNRISE.

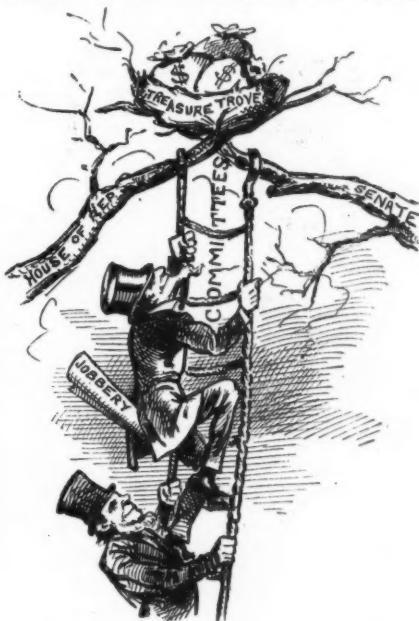
Over the monstrous, swashsing sea,  
Over the Balderdash sea,  
The jayhawk wings its fluttering flight—  
The pelican greets the morning light—  
Antonio—where is he?  
Over the gruesome, grunting sea,  
Over the Brobbingnag sea,  
Antonio came in the dead of night—  
Came like a jabberwock in its flight,  
And borrowed four dollars of me.  
Over the muddling, haggling sea,  
Over the Caliban sea,  
With four fair dollars come if you can;  
I'm strapped—I'm broke—Antonio—Man—  
Brother—come back to me!

EUGENE FIELD.

## WASHINGTON SKETCHES.



ROBESON HAS THE GAME IN HIS OWN HANDS.



THE COMBINATION FOR SUBSIDIES IS HIGH.

## Puckerings.

**MR. BEECHER** can be no better in health. He spoke at Ottawa, Ill., the other night.

PERHAPS THE only thing that the drama of Sophocles has suggested to the modern actor is Grease paint.

IN EVANSVILLE, Indiana, people come to life again soon after they are prepared for burial. Neither ex-Senator Conkling nor the Greenback party resides in Evansville, Indiana.

LET THE prisoners of Sing Sing tremble. General F. B. Spinola is to be warden of the Sing Sing Prison, and will undoubtedly use his shirt-collar for "padding" purposes.

THE ARMY AND NAVY CLUB has disbanded. We commiserate the army, but we don't understand how there could have been a Navy Club without the necessary preliminary of a navy.

IT IS said that Mr. Condict, the director of the Mechanics' National Bank, of Newark, is made the scapegoat of the other directors and is innocent. A flaw in the conductment, apparently.

THE POPE is about to create seven new cardinals. It would be as well, therefore, not to buy your spring hat until we learn the particular style His Holiness has chosen for his new creations.

THE EARL OF REDESDALE has introduced a bill to exclude atheists from both Houses of Parliament. It will be awkward for Mr. Redesdale when a bill to exclude idiots from the British Legislature is introduced and passed.

A KENTUCKY LECTURER, according to the *Sun*, holds that the Garden of Eden was in Mississippi Valley, and that Noah's Ark started from Manhattan Island. We can quite believe it. The Ark must have got underway in the vicinity of Wall Street. There's more than enough water there to float it now.

A YOUNG MAN in a Boston church woke during the pronouncing of the benediction, and, seizing his hat, rushed down the aisle. He stopped, however, when he remembered that he was not in a theatre. If the young man had woken up in Mr. Talmage's Brooklyn Tabernacle he would not have stopped at all.

MR. BERGH, inspired, we suppose, by seeing "Claude Duval," at the Standard Theatre, now stops United States mail wagons, if the animals drawing them do not come up to his standard of horseflesh. We beg to remind Mr. Bergh that there is plenty of small-pox about, and that there is no diminution of the supply of tom-cats.

"BEGORRA, IT'S a perfectly elegant time I've had in the Sthates of Florida and Louisiana. And Tilden can't buy 'em in 1884, for it's afer spiling his little game I've bin, and I've secured 'em for meself or for me frinds, the Republicans, whitchiver is most convanient, d'y'e moind."

JOHN K-L-Y."

A MAN DROPPED dead while buying a ticket at the Houston Street Third Avenue "L" Station. I admit that the block system would not have saved his life, but then its adoption will lengthen the lives of a large number of passengers who daily risk their necks and limbs on this dangerous road.

K. F. MAIN, *Drum Major*.

## SELECT ESSAYS.

It is stated that Professor Proctor is the most popular astronomer, because, when he writes a moon article for a magazine, he always succeeds in making it as interesting as a shipwreck or a steamboat explosion. Now we know why Proctor excels Huxley, Tyndall and other humorists in the public mind. The trouble with Tyndall and Hux is that they don't work enough excitement into their productions. They will start coolly on molecules and keep the thing up for twenty pages, without getting any circus fervor in, and the people begin to wonder where the fun is located. Then they read about twenty pages on the origin of the species, and strike nothing that bears the faintest resemblance to a free fight; and while they denounce Tyndall and Huxley, and say they are not fit to write verses for a tooth-powder advertisement, they clamor for reform, and declare that all scientists should serve up their theories in dime-novel style, with lots of brimstone to the square inch, and all the sanguinary *éclat* of a dog-fight thrown in. In other words, they should be more like Proctor.

It is now beginning to look a little more like spring than it did about a month ago; but, at the same time, you must not place too much confidence in the atmosphere. It is very much like a woman's mind—always on the change; and just when you begin to map out your garden, and cut down your cigar-bill to buy your wife a nobby spring bonnet, and the young man dons his light overcoat, and the poet greases the sonnet-mill for a lively campaign of vernal sweetness, then, oh, then is it that the blizzard wakes up, and puts on its dress-

suit, and waxes its moustache, and comes skipping along at the rate of fifty miles an hour. And, as it comes, it slings down pneumonia and chilblains like so many clothing circulars; and, before you know what has struck you, you are hauling your plug hat down over your ears, to keep them on, setting a death-watch on your boy, so that he will be on hand to shovel the snow off the walk, and regretting that you soaked your porous-plasters off a week ago.

Benjamin F. Taylor, the poet and lecturer, says that happiness does not wholly depend upon the correct spelling of words. As usual, Benjamin, you know what you are talking about. You have hit the nail on the head, and driven it home two inches beneath the surface of the plank, where the average man would have missed the head and driven his thumbnail up among his knuckles. The soundness and simplicity of your philosophy is equal to the sunshine of your verse, and that has lighted many a human heart and dispersed its mists of care. And when you land on spelling, you prove that you are as sure-footed as the mule. Not sure-footed in the sense of true aim, as exhibited in kicking, but in regard to capacity for standing on an inclined plane. Josh Billings's happiness does not wholly depend upon the correct spelling of words. Had he determined years ago to plod through life spelling *is*, *is*, instead of *is*, and *to*, *to*, instead of *to*, the chances are he would to-day be a poor, hard-working man, with no reputation as a thinker, and not sufficient shekels to enable him to wear diamonds and sealskin, or drink anything better than water. A young man entered a bee several years ago, and succeeded in spelling correctly

every word put to him, until the dealer gave up in despair and handed over the prize—"Macaulay's Essays." Yet that young man was not happy. He had a raging boil on the back of his neck that looked like a portable sunset, and it twisted him so that it compelled him to look up in the air sideways like a chicken swallowing water; and he was so much afraid of his collar that he kept craning his neck and trying to sneak as far away from it as possible. And when he got the prize he couldn't see it until some one held it up behind him. He had successfully coped with phthisic, dyptheria, eleemosynary, inseparable; but he wasn't happy. Ah, no, he was so far from it, Mr. Benjamin F. Taylor, that if he ever meets you, he will take you by the hand and say that you know what you are talking about when you assert that happiness does not wholly depend on correct spelling.

A young man writes to say that he was recently sickened by drinking too much lemonade at a reception. The great mistake the young man made was in trifling with reception-lemonade. If he wanted the harmless article, he should have gone to a circus; for the circus beverage has no lemon in it, and it could not have done him any harm. We never heard of but one man being injured by circus-lemonade. He ran into the peddler by accident, and about a quart of the chromatic stuff was upset upon him. It didn't affect his stomach, though. He caught cold.

No matter how great a swell a man may be, no matter how fond he is of displaying, or rather exhibiting himself in public places, he will never crowd into the Fifth Avenue front of his club, and lean back in an easy-chair and whack his feet up against the window panes when the soles of his shoes are worn through to his socks. This is where discretion proves it-self the better part of vanity.

He offered her a handsome opal ring.

"Excuse me," she said, while a blush crept over her velvety cheek: "opa's are unlucky."

Then he fished a package of caramels out of his pocket, and attempted to present it to her.

"I never touch them," she murmured, languidly: "as they destroy the teeth and draw the fillings out. My mother got some between her teeth the other day, and her jaws were held together so tight for two hours that she couldn't talk."

"You must have had quiet in the house!"

"Sir?"

"I say you must have had a riot in the house. I mean, that your mother must have been so provoked, that she couldn't preserve her usual state of beautiful serenity, but was obliged to give way to her feelings, in spite of her heroic efforts to appear calm. Would you like to go to the minstrels to-night?"

"No, I thank you," she whispered, feebly: "I am always saddened by such woful dramas as 'Camille,' 'Hamlet' and 'Miss Multon'; and the last time I was at the minstrels, I saw how those plays could be made more heart-rending with the jokes of the minstrels worked into them."

He then invited her to take a walk, and partake of ice-cream and various other luxuries calculated to thrill the feminine mind with ecstasy. But she refused each and all of them. And the young man danced around with his pocketbook in his hand, and thought what expense men would be saved if all girls were like this one. And he sang:

"I've found me the wife of the future,  
I've found the Impossible Girl."

Then he woke up and ascertained that he had been dreaming. The Impossible Girl has yet to be discovered. R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

## A DANGEROUS FLIRTATION



WITH A VERY NAUGHTY MAN.

## ENGLAND'S NIGHTMARE.



THE GREAT BRITAIN GULLIVER OVERPOWERED AND MADE HELPLESS BY FRENCH PYGMIES WHILE ASLEEP.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.  
No. CCXV.

## SHOOTING AT THE QUEEN.



aw fired a pistol at Queen Victorwia.

I immediately wose and dwessed myself and sent a cable message to my fiwend Wales—the Pwince, I mean—to forward me full particulahs. They soon arwived, and I was wejoiced to find that the Queen had been neithah hurt nor aw frightened. I therwupon despatched my congwtulatons—couldn't verwy well do less, ye know, considering the fiendly welations that have faw so long a time existed between the woyal family and myself.

It appe-ahs that it was some cwazy fellow named aw Woderwick, or Wobert Maclean, who dwew his wevolvah on Victorwia just as she was aw weturning to Windsah from London, where she had been holding a Dwawing-woom. This Maclean must, of course, be a waving maniac to have attempted to commit such a horwible cwime, and, in spite of his aberwation of intellect, I sincerely hope that

the wascal will be incarcerated and aw pwevented from wepeating his outwageous and teweasonable act.

Jack and I had serwious discussion of the question, and we both arwived at the conclusion that the horwid wadicals are at the bottom of the whole business. Not aw that I mean to say that there was anything in the shape of an organized conspirwacy, but there have aw been so many incendiary wemarks made about suppwessing woyalty, and objections made to the aw wights and pwewogatives, pwivileges and incomes of our Sovereign's family and welations, that I am not at all surpvised that this wretched and weak-minded cweachah has had his cwooked bwain fired by weading vulgah papahs which ought to be suppwessed, and we-solved upon aw twying to kill the Queen.

In fact, as I wemarked to a Mr. Cywus Field, a wealthy Amerwican *nouveau wiche*, who wesides he-ah, I do not know what has come ovah the people of aw Gweat Bwitain since I have been living in Amerwica. The horwid wadicals and lowah classes appe-ah to be gwumblung at everwything and having mattahs all their own way. "If it were not faw the peerwage and the woyal family," I said: "I think my native countwy would wun to wack and wuin."

Mr. Cywus Field agweed with me in everwy wespect; he is a gweat sympathizah; I should imagine, with woyalty and arwistocwacy. I shall pwobably have occasion to wefer to Mr. Field at gweatah length in the ne-ah fuchah aw.

REJECTED ARTICLES PUCK ne'er returns:  
In Spring he tears them, and in Winter burns.

## SWIMP.\*

Swimp! Swimp! SWIMP! gwine 'long,  
Yes, missus, sartin dat's de same ol' song;  
Swimp! Swimp!! Yes'm, swimp ebery day;  
But sumhow er nudder it don't 'gin to pay.

Yes'm, I know dat I'm gittin' radder ol',  
Dars right smart walkin' 'fo' dey is sol';  
Dat's so, I did had a gal I use to sen' aroun',  
But de critter clean out an' gone tudder en' er town.

Demi gals is de debbil—yes'm, sartin sho';  
You can't 'gin to 'ly on dem any mo';  
Fus' ting yo' know when yo' need 'em wus,  
Dey's gone—de best ob 'em ain't to be trus'.

Mariar got to soshiatin' wid dem 'ciety ooman.  
Den she wanter jine—I seed de trubble comin';  
I didn' min' de Jacobs or de darters ob J'rusalem,  
Kase dey's made up ob oomans ol' ez Matuzlum.

But she git struck wid dem sisters ob Zion  
Dat's full ob niggahs dat's alwus tiefin' an' lyin'—  
Trash dat's alwus lookin' fo' wat dey kin steal,  
An' nebber knows whar dey' git de nex' meal.

Coase I wouldn' lissen to no sich plan,  
Kase I knowned dem jes' like I know my han';  
Next ting I knowned de gal gone—lef'—  
I wus dat s'prised I couldn' ketch my bref.

Did'n lef a ting, 'scusin' one ol' hat  
Wid nuffin but de brim, an' moughly little ob dat;  
An' de last I heerd she wus ober in Frogtown,  
Wid dat Zion crowd a-stealin' an' loafin' roun'.

Swimp! Swimp!! Yes'm, dey's mighty fresh;  
Tol'ble large, too—ketch 'em wid big mesh.  
Swimp! Swimp!! dis don't 'gin to pay;  
Swimp! fresh swimp gwine 'long to-day.

JADE OYLE.

\*Shrimp.

## FORGOTTEN.



AIN'T NOBODY GOING TO DO NOTHING FOR ME TOO? I WOULD DECLINE.

## SKETCH FOR A HISTORICAL PICTURE.



THE RETURN OF THE RAIDERS.

## BALLADE TO BOHEMIANS.

We have the poems and the plaques,  
The smile—or nod—of every muse.  
The hate of critics and of claque,  
We've all the best *esprit* may choose.  
But reason here my rhyme subdues,  
To say, despite profession's mine,  
The prizes great to win or lose,  
Brethren, I fear they're Philistine.

Ours are the lives tradition tracks,  
With blushes that her smiles excuse.  
Where Thomas sins, but stumbles Max.  
You change the names, the things confuse.  
Such glamors aye the sigh abuse,  
Still this of youth I yet define:  
The walks that Satan most eschews,  
Brethren, I fear they're Philistine.

Ours is the purse a clasp that lacks,  
Ours is the hand that can't refuse;  
No grim remorse our dreams attacks  
With self-preferment to accuse.  
And yet, when honest debt accrues,  
The souls that feel for honor fine  
For honor's sake, with Gentiles, Jews,  
Brethren, I fear they're Philistine.

## L'ENVOI.

This smacks, I know, of pulpits, pews,  
To somnolence yourselves consign;  
Yet lives that Heaven kindliest views,  
Brethren, I fear they're Philistine.

A. E. WATROUS.

## READY FOR PROCTOR.

GOWANUS,  
March 13th, 1882.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

There is an absolute lack of meanness about me. I have got hold of a good thing, and I am going to let you into it, in strict confidence. As I have got a patent on it, there isn't so much boundless indiscretion about this as you might suppose.

Mr. Richard A. Proctor, better known as Dare-Devil Dick, the Materialistic Meteorologist, has announced that the end of the world is due fifteen years hence, with no postponement on account of the weather.

Our friends the Second Adventists have been expecting this little event with undiminished cheerfulness for a number of years past. They have done a great deal to keep up a lively market for Wamsutta muslin for robes of glory. But nobody now takes any stock in their pro-

phesies. Second Adventist dates are not recognized by the intellectual public.

This, however, is a square scientific appointment for the end of the world. There is no getting around it. You can't go back on Science. Fifteen years hence there is going to be a real old pan roast of the population of this planet, and you may just trim your celestial wings in anticipation of the performance.

I know this for a solid fact. I tried to get some bets against it the other day, and went around to all the pool-rooms. They wouldn't even book on the event.

So you may prepare to sizzle in 1897. You may, that is. I am all right. I have laid my plans to last over the cataclysm or holocaust, or whatever the *Herald* will call it, and I have patented my plans and shall prosecute all persons attempting to infringe my patent. That's the kind of liberal-minded public benefactor I am.

Being thus protected, I may safely lay my scheme before you. I do not propose to be cooked with the rest of mankind—at least, not by any erratic, half-bred comet wandering around the realms of space. If you want to roast me off this globe, run in a solar system on me, or something of that sort. No tramp meteor is good enough for me.

I am going to procure a large and commodious refrigerator and put it in a larger and still more commodious safe. I am open to receive proposals from enterprising safe-manufacturers who want to advertise their business cheaply and effectually. This will be positively the last chance they will have.

This safe I propose to have placed on the extreme apex—apexes or apices or whatever they may be are always more or less extreme, I suppose; but I mean to get the extremest apex to be had—the extreme apex of the North Pole.

I shall supply myself with a fair allowance of provisions suitable to the general exaggeration of the climate which I have reason to expect. I am now laying in ice-cream, cold mutton, Santa Cruz sours and other sorts of summery sustenance. I am also negotiating with Mr. Charles Francis Adams, and hope to be able to buy him up and reduce him to pemmican.

Then, when the circus comes along, I shall retire into my refrigerator, inside my safe, and, through a private peep-hole I shall take in the show, and watch the avenging fires descending upon the doomed earth and roasting up its myriad forms of folly and wickedness—poli-

ticians, bad poets, tea-store chromos, hand-organ fiends, ice-cream girls, subscription books, patent medicines, Edison's electric light, oilymargarine, spring poems, Police Commissioners, grease-extractor peddlers, French plays, book-agents, tight shoes, literary receptions, gum-drop hats, cranks, playwrights, tonsorial interrogations, bad actors, aesthetes, authors of "Beautiful Snow," ticket-speculators, bald heads, waiters' fees, chilblains, epic poems, 25-cent table-d'-hôte dinners, dentists, mosquitoes, knee-breeches, corn-doctors, cats, small boys, chewing gum, helmet-hats, analytical essays, temperance drinks, denniskearneys, Societies for the Prevention of, and the rest of the list.

Then, when the curtain drops on the great fire act, and things have cooled off a little, I shall emerge from my icy seclusion and gambol gracefully over my own private earth, sole and imperial boss of the whole ranch—unless some other fellow has worked a similar arrangement at the South Pole. If this should happen to be the case, there will be a combat and somebody will get hurt.

And you may speculate largely and freely on one certainty—if there is a funeral, the other man will attend it in the capacity of corpse.

There is only one little deficiency in my scheme, as at present laid out. I am just the kind of man for a new, latter-day, supplemental Adam; but an Eve is a positive necessity; and that is just what is troubling me.

I want a first-class Eve, and I don't propose to submit to any such operation as the one said to have been performed on the original Adam. It doesn't suit my style. I want no liberties taken with my ribs. I am a particular man, and I don't like to lend my anatomy for any conjuring business.

But I am not too beastly particular. A ready-made Eve is good enough for me, and I will insert an advertisement in PUCK for a companion in my refrigerative life-saving plan. Only professional beauties need apply. Strawberry blonde preferred. Would like to hear from Mrs. Langtry.

There is my little lay-out. I think it shows a gigantic intellect, and there is no charge for the effulgence which I am shedding on your mental darkness.

Yours immortally,

JABEZ MCRESURGAM.

## AMUSEMENTS.

"Squatter Sovereignty" is, in this republican country, still holding more than its own at HARRIGAN & HART'S THEATRE COMIQUE.

"Sam'l of Posen" is at HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE, and Mr. M. B. Curtis is also there to see that there is fair play.

There is no change since last week to report in the condition of the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE. "Esmeralda" still holds its own.

P. T. Barnum's Greatest Show in the heavens above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth, is at hand at the MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

"Odette," like Sampson, is displaying its strength at DALY'S THEATRE. The acting improves with age, and the audiences can't be much bigger than they are.

Mr. Ephraim Muggins, of PUCK renown, has been lecturing in New Jersey, which is good for the New Jerseyites, and will do a great deal toward advancing them in civilization.

Another week has passed, with the usual kaleidoscopic change at HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE. The Florances, with "The Mighty Dollar," etc., are now making people laugh.

"Youth," at WALLACK'S, with its village churchyard, its Thames, its embarkation of the regiment, troop-ship, and the absolutely real battle scene, is doing much to keep up the military ardor of our citizens.

KOSTER & BIAL'S CONCERT HALL, in addition to its Ladies' Philharmony, boasts of a Miss Livingston, who is called an English *chantante*, Mlle. Marie Koenig, a soprano, and Mr. Rud. Frische, comedian.

BIRCH & BACKUS, our SAN FRANCISCO MINSTREL friends, find no diminution in the attendance at their Erebusian entertainment, the great magnet still being "Patients; or, the *Aesthetic Crankophobia*."

HAVERLY'S NIBLO'S GARDEN has now settled down to "The Streets of New York," with Mr. Frank Mayo as *Badger*. The revival of this play ought to find favor in the eyes of many, as it much resembles others of the same style, now very popular in up-town theatres.

"Divorgons," which won the hearts of our German population at the THALIA THEATRE, is now undergoing representation at ABBEV'S PARK THEATRE. It is in Sardou's brightest vein, and is well calculated to afford amusement, even during the sack-cloth-and-ashes gloom of Lent.

The Comley-Barton Company, with Catherine Lewis, John Howson and all the rest of them, is once more at its old home at HAVERLY'S FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE. "Manola; or, Blonde and Brunette," was given on Monday, and to-night we are to be treated to the tuneful and welcome "Olivette." Other attractions will, of course, follow.

The dramatic hand of Mr. Dion Boucicault appears to have lost its cunning. "Suil-a-Mor," at BOOTH'S THEATRE, is nothing more than a rehash of "The O'Dowd," and not well rehashed, either. Mr. Boucicault, as Michael O'Dowd, could not act badly if he tried; but the piece itself is dull, stupid and conventional, and abounds with Land League sentiments, which have little or no interest for Americans.

A very successful concert was given last Wednesday evening, at CHICKERING HALL, by Miss Blanche Roosevelt, assisted by Signor Montegriffo, Mr. Carlos Haselbrink, the violinist, and others. Miss Roosevelt met with a most flattering reception—a just tribute to the taste and abilities of this favorite artist. Her selections comprised "Bel Raggio," from Semiramide. Benedict's "The Bird that Came in Spring," "Robin Adair," and the waltz song from "The Pirates of Penzance."

New Yorkers will have to wait a long time before they have an opportunity of hearing another such artist as Patti in opera, and they apparently seem quite aware of the fact, judging by the fashionable audiences which crowd the GERMANIA THEATRE, under the management of Mr. Abbey, to listen to her warblings. The support, in spite of Signor Nicolini's experience, is not all that could be desired. Mr. Nicolini, although he lives in a hotel, sings flat, but, after all, the setting for such a brilliant gem as Patti is of little moment. "Lucia" was sung on Monday night, and to-morrow night will be the last of the Patti performances, as the little woman is going to Europe much sooner than she expected.

"Claude Duval" is not "Patience," and, by parity of reasoning, "Patience" is not "Claude Duval." But "Claude Duval," as presented at the STANDARD THEATRE, has many points about it that make it well worth seeing and hearing. The scenery, dresses and appointments are fresh, brilliant and beautiful, the display of real horseflesh alone being a sight in itself. Mr. Carle-

ton does not entirely convey to our minds the dashing and gallant highwayman, although he looks handsome and renders the music, which is pretty and telling, though not very comic operary, with good effect. Mr. Ryley, without much voice, makes the most of his character, *Blood-Red Bill*. The small part of Sir Whiffle Whaffle, the old beau, entrusted to Mr. A. Wilkinson, is exceedingly well interpreted.

## SOME OTHER TIME.

About 7 o'clock yesterday evening an Eighth avenue elevated train ran into the train it was following at the 104th street station. There was a dense fog at the time, and the speed not being great, as one train was just starting and the other stopping, no serious casualties occurred. Several passengers who were standing in the forward train were knocked down, and others were badly shaken. —*N. Y. Sun*, Friday, March 10th, 1882.

We are indebted to our E. C., the *New York Sun*, for the above information, and in expressing our deep acknowledgements therefor, we can not refrain from tendering our humble and hearty thanks to the gentlemen whose extreme solicitude for the lives of the passengers on their roads has induced them to ignore the inadequate block system, and to adopt more effectual methods of preventing accidents. Mr. Drum-Major K. F. Wain is especially to be felicitated on the success of his gong, his gun and his peanut-cracking scheme, and his other marvelous precautions against disaster. After this, he will probably regard all demands for the adoption of the block system as extremely frivolous.

We have nothing but praise for Prince Cyrus André Field, for the Reverend Jay Gould, and for the Righter Reverend Russel Sage, who so charitably and disinterestedly got the "L" roads in their gentle clutches, in order that the lives of their beloved fellow-citizens might not be unnecessarily endangered. They have even gone so far as to allow coroners to travel free, which shows admirable foresight in view of the next collision in or out of a fog, which pleasant event is certainly more than overdue.

## A NEW RULER IN THE LAND.



"OH, FOR THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF HAYES!"

## Answers for the Anxious.

The pressure on our columns keeps a number of "Answers for the Anxious" standing over from week to week. Correspondents who are not promptly vitrified will please possess their souls in patience, and wait their turn.

HASELTINE.—Tell her to read the "Anglers' Guide" during Lent.

J. R. GILHOOLY.—What is a pessimist? A pessimist is a man who takes gloomy views of life. For instance, if you were to worry yourself while putting away a good dinner with the idea that you might some time lose a leg and have to go around on crutches, and perhaps set one of the crutches on a banana-peel in the street and slip down right on the stump and drive it up into your lungs and die of consumption and leave a will calculated to excite litigation—that would be taking a pessimistic view of fate.

## CHOICE COMMUNICATIONS.

## A BRUMMAGEM FITZNOODLE.

ST. STEPHEN'S CLUB, WESTMINSTER, LONDON, February 20th, 1882.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

As I subscribe to your paper, I consider I have some sort of right to expose those who pirate your notions. You will judge of my magnanimity when I tell you that I am about to publish a book here, which, from its character, will probably be reprinted in the States, from which reprint I shall gain nothing. No matter. I wish to call to your notice the enclosed cutting from an alleged comic paper called the *Dart*, and published in Birmingham, the home of "Provincial Thought." It is not only from "Fitznoodle in Birmingham," but from the remainder of the letter-press, quite evident that PUCK furnishes most of the *Dart* copy.

You may consider this the sincerest form of flattery. I consider it gross, indecent, piratical plagiarism.

I am yours, P. H. B.  
P. S.—I am not an American.

Enclosed in the above was a clipping from the paper referred to, with a cut and article of the spurious Fitznoodle.

ED. PUCK.

## WE BELIEVE HE HAS BEEN DOSED.

NEW YORK CITY,  
March 10th, 1882.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

For over a year the water-pipes in all of the city parks have been tampered with, and the drinking water has been dosed with vile and filthy nostrums. During the past winter, at night, the Croton water mains have been impregnated from the reservoirs with drugs, so that the water has been dangerous to drink. Now, I have fully convinced myself that the hands of heartless devils are at work, and I appeal to the "independent and fearless PUCK" to expose, by cartoon, this diabolical rascality. This is the work of our model police, who are authorized and sustained by secret society Republican Catholic cut-throats. I have, for many years, been dosed in every conceivable manner, and am quite able to expose their every move.

RODMAN A. BRUSH.  
20 Waverly Place.

## A SUGGESTION FOR A CARTOON.

OFFICE OF  
HENRY C. CONE, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,  
WILSON HALL, Fort Collins, Colorado.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I suggest a cartoon a terrible obstacle in the form of an immense Mountain, Conklings head its terrible height. All arising out of the chaos of contumacious, Contumely & Slander a native kussedness, as its gaseous origin. This mountain an obstacle, produced thusly which now looms up for its authors, as a barrier, in the form of the Supreme Bench which is impossible to grad over, or tunnel under. The destination under, Hell, or any other country your fancy phases Truly.

H. C. CONE,  
This is not copy righted and you can garnish alter amend or discard.

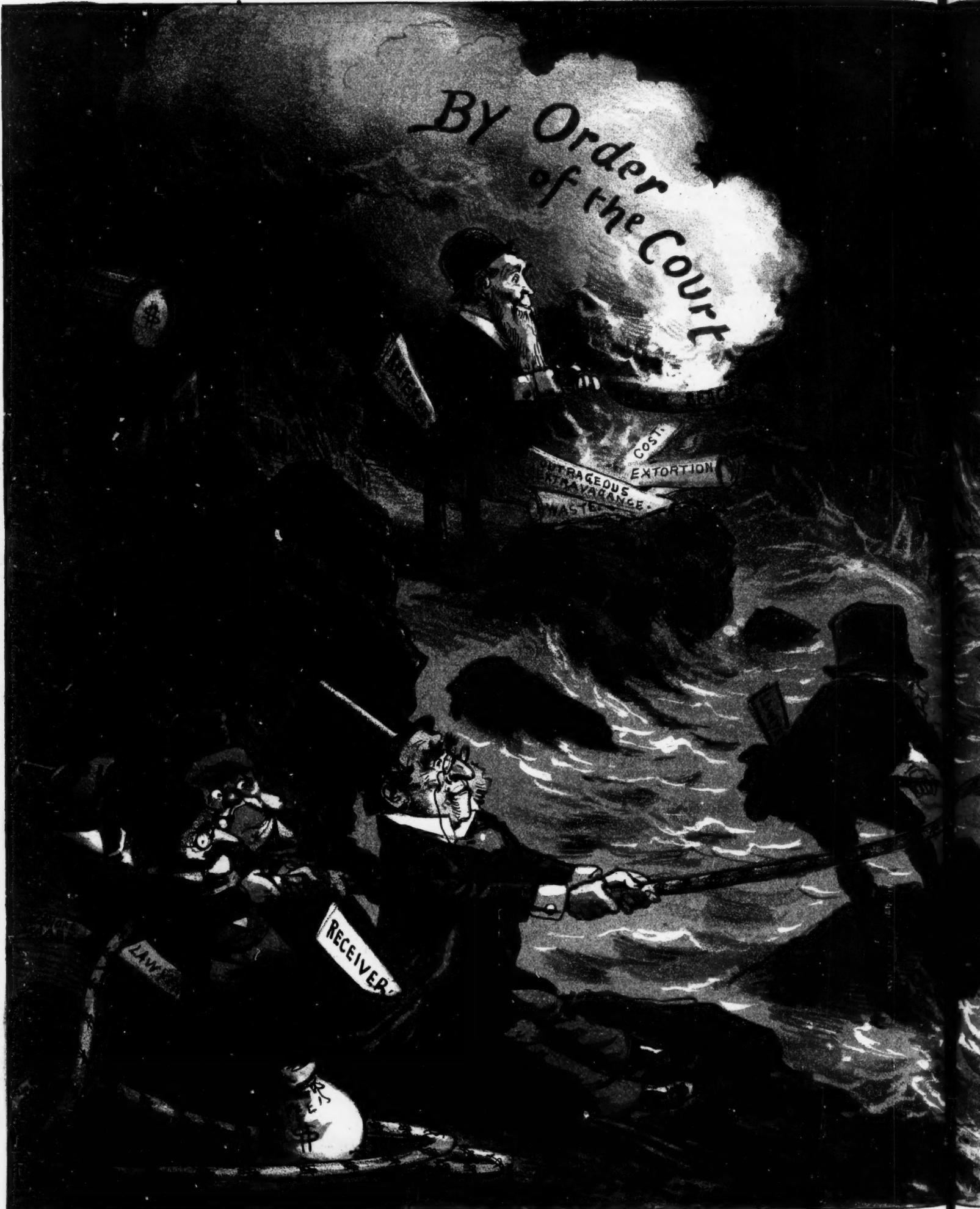
*Society* is a weekly journal of fact, fiction and fashion, published in London in the style of *Yates's World* and *Labouchere's Truth*. It is edited by George W. Plant, is illustrated and, apparently, knows whereof it speaks.

If any one has the slightest doubt that "The Sun Do Move," he should read the celebrated work of this name as sermonized by the Rev. John Jasper, of Richmond, Va. The price is but twenty-five cents, and the pamphlet is published at Brentano's Literary Emporium, 5 Union Square.

Those who do not permit themselves to be disturbed by market fluctuations and the state of political parties are in a fit condition to study chess, and they will not find a better help than *Brentano's Chess Monthly*, published every month, which will tell them a great deal more than they want to know.

Mr. William Goldschmidt has written and dedicated to grandfather Peter Cooper a pamphlet entitled "The Ark of the United States." The work is written against the political deluge produced by general corruption, which "threatens to destroy us." Some of the ideas enunciated by the author are worthy of consideration.

*The Art Interchange* has, deservedly, a large number of subscribers. Its department's are numerous, and comprise: Decorative Art, Music, Drama, Belles Lettres, Design, Fine Arts, and Notes and Queries. Messrs. Arthur B. Turnure and William Whitlock are its publishers and proprietors. They have recently commenced the issue of *Art Work Manuals*, edited by Charles G. Leland. No. 4, Volume 1, is devoted to Art Needlework and Outline Embroidery, and has a rich supply of patterns.



LICENSED WRECKERS.—IN THAT

H.  
A.



IN HANDS OF THE RECEIVERS.

## EXQUISITE GEMS.

A poet writes:

"Do we love as we loved long ago?"

In the chaste language of the late Bishop Berkeley: "We should smile." We carry on the business in pretty much the same style that we did when we were wooing our first girl some years ago. The only difference in our treatment of the divine subject comes from the change in our pecuniary conditions. When we were manipulating number one, we were on the straight struggle for a raise of salary. But now we are poets, whose exquisite gems throw a rainbow glamour over the downcast spirits of suffering humanity; and, as a natural consequence, we can ante up more cash without feeling it than could once be gotten out of us by a sheriff armed to the teeth. Where we used to take our girl to the circus, we now take her to the Italian opera; and where we once gave her peanuts and five-cent soda-water, we now endeavor to increase her happiness with *marrons glacés* and *bombons*.

This is not that we like the girl any more, but because of our exceeding shekularity. The soulful, tender part of the business is precisely the same, however. We go up the walk, look around the house to see if the bull-dog and the father of the girl are at the lodge, and then glide in to the back parlor, and commence operations on an osculatory basis, and keep the *réance* up until the clock in the steeple has struck a good many times. And the girl always leaves us at the door, and asks us when we will be around again, just as if she didn't know, and all that sort of thing. Oh, yes, we love just as we loved long ago, and we wish our brother or sister poet to understand it, and be assured that we are going to keep the thing up. We sometimes change our collars, but never our style of loving; for loving is divine, and our style is perfect.

Susan Coolidge says, in the *Independent*, that when morning breaks fresh and new, touched by the sun, and the ocean takes on a softer silver and a deeper blue, and the glad birds sing with a newly-patented joy:

"I rise and wash my body clean  
In purest water."

Susan, this is a lovely and musical method of informing the world that you take a bath at 7:30 A.M. It is very different with us. When the city sparrows twitter on the morning ash-barrel, and the early sunbeams sift themselves through the fractured lattice, and the servant has knocked on the door for the fourth time to inform us that the omelette is stone cold, we jump up, and wash our hands, and forget to comb our hair, and put on a collar, and we don't stop to find out whether the water is of the purest quality or not, either. When we find it necessary to write poems for religious papers on the subject of ablution, to satisfy admiring but suspicious friends that we do take a bath occasionally, we shall add a stanza on the virtues of the particular brand of soap that finds favor in our eyes, and then we'll try to sell it to the manufacturer as an advertising lyric. That's what we'll do, Susan, for we regard shekels as next to cleanliness.

A man was seen the other day in a garret, hard at work. He was surrounded by corduroy knee-breeches, St. Patrick plug hats, clay pipes, clumsy boggans, blue woolen stockings, fawn-colored swallow-tails, green vests, "Moore's Melodies," eighteen chromos of Killarney, in different attitudes, and a ten-cent edition of Oscar Wilde's verses. No, gentle reader, he was not a second-hand dealer. He was a poet, and the objects around him were intended to inspire him while erecting Irish dramas of the "no rint" order.

He told her in a poem that her feet were two tiny stars that twinkled over the enameled floor and woke subtle echoes in his soul. On the following night, when she stepped on his toes like a stage-horse, during a waltz, he thought her feet were not quite so small, but that they were sufficiently Titanic to keep her on the ground during a tornado.

"Were you born in Chicago?" he inquired, with a smile, as he picked up his foot and stroked it like a cat.

"No," she replied: "but I trust you'll excuse me for stepping on your foot; it was purely supervenient."

Then he knew she was from Boston.

In the spring of '57, just at the close of the great panic, Mr. Jotham Mills, of Peoria, Ill., started a little further West to make his fortune in the mines. After he had been at work with moderate success for a year or two, he was seriously hurt by a piece of machinery falling on him in a quartz-crushing mill. It was feared, at first, that he would have to lose his right arm. All the doctors were of this opinion, and they determined to perform the operation. He wrote home to his fiancée to tell her of his misfortune, and then made his will. The lawyer lent him a pamphlet to read that day. It was PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1882. The man was well in two hours, and the next day he won a boat race and licked four men in a rough-and-tumble fight. PUCK'S ANNUAL is for sale by all newsdealers, and it is going to enable them to go to the country next summer, and wear straw hats with blue bands.

IS THIS a Man? No; It is a Thing who tries to furnish the World with Comic Primer. Is It Original? No, It is not. It is One of a Great Band that Snaps up the Idea of Another, and Works It for All It is Worth. Is the *Denver Tribune* the Only one that Ought to be Toleration? You are Right, Sonny, it Is the Boss of the Outfit, but even the *D. T.* Over-Does it Sufficiently to bring on that Little Idyllic Pastime which is called D. T. for Brevity.

IN ST. LOUIS there is a man who recollects being kissed by General Washington. If we wait long enough we shall find the man who ground the edge of George's little hatchet.

CORONERS ARE deadheads on the "L" roads. This is really the only wise precaution the directors have ever taken.

THE CHROMO isn't as mighty as truth, but it does about as much miscellaneous prevailing.

## AN OSSEOUS POEM.

Sad  
Groans,  
Shad  
Bones.

## IN A COSMOPOLITAN CITY



A LIBERAL EDUCATION MAY BE TURNED TO ACCOUNT.

## JENKIN'S UMBRELLA.

One of the divinest sensations that this dreary world holds forth is experienced by the average man when he contracts the vice of carrying an umbrella every day. Mr. Jenkins recently purchased one to be in fashion; one of these nobby thin ones that men like to carry in clear weather to give them an air of respectability.

His adventures with that umbrella were not always of the happiest nature, and, out of solid irony, he called it the Mascot, which, freely translated, means something like a Bogardus kicker in angel form. The kicker is secreted beneath the wings, and when you get the angel within kissing range, and take hold of her hand, and tell her she ought to go to church, and kindly squeeze said hand to impress her with your sincerity, the kicker comes out from its hiding-place, and feels for you with such force and earnestness, that it generally takes five doctors, at a hundred dollars per day, to finish you. That's what a Mascot is, gentle reader; and you had better paste it in your hat, so that when you see it again you will not imagine it to be a famous patent medicine, warranted to settle anything from measles to a butcher's bill.

The first time he started out with his umbrella, he commenced swinging it around his head at a great rate, and the first thing he knew, the umbrella stopped. It had come in contact with a pedestrian's head. The pedestrian stopped, too—stopped like a provincial dramatic paper, when no one will pay to have a portrait inserted. The following discussion then ensued, the pedestrian opening:

"Are you aware of the fact, my dear sir, that you just struck me? But I know you didn't do it intentionally."

"No, sir, I did not. I am really very sorry—"

"Don't mention it; I know you are; you show it, and I am very happy to have met you. I was in the middle of a day-dream when you struck, and woke me up. Had it not been for you, I should have gone past this place, where

I have important business, and I am really grateful to you. Have you dined?"

"Thank you, I have."

And they exchanged cards, shook hands warmly and parted.

Then he thought he'd try it with the roof up; so he raised it—raised it deliberately and slowly, like a mortgage, and went on his way rejoicing. It wasn't raining a drop, but he thought it would keep off bricks, if any happened to fall off a building in course of erection. And then, he argued, that if the air is full of small-pox, it might keep off the noxious zephyrs. He stopped to look into a shop-window, when a gust of wind came along and jerked the umbrella out of his hand, and whirled it around in the air at an altitude which placed it out of his reach. He sighed for a pole to fetch it down with, but he sighed in vain. There it stayed. But now and then it would come down to within an inch of his fingers, and then fly up again like a heron. He was delirious with joy. He thought of the old days on the farm, when he used to loaf all day in the woods and throw bricks into hornets' nests, for the sake of ascertaining if a handful of mud, slapped rudely on the neck, would draw the fiery glist out of a sting. He thought of the homely yellow dog, and the Queen Anne musket, and the flat-bottomed boat that made him happy, and threw so much sunshine and joy into his hilarious boy-life. That is the reason he didn't get mad when he secured his umbrella about half a mile from the spot at which he let go of it. That is the reason he didn't get mad at the people who found innocent diversion in a five-foot-six man trying to reach twenty feet in the air to secure an object that seemed to be gliding harmoniously along on the bosom of a trade-wind. That is the reason that he felt so good, so happy, so contented with himself and everything else; that he turned around and helped a homely old woman across the street, and gave a beggar two dollars to take his family to the circus.

That night when he went home and related the adventures he had had with his umbrella during the day, his wife laughed at him and thought it was a splendid joke to happen to any man who would be such an idiot as to wear an umbrella on a dry day. He backed himself by saying that people take umbrellas to church all the time, and right in the face of dry sermons. And he believed they would be worn up at theatres by ladies, if large hats were not in vogue. She said all sorts of uncomplimentary things; but he was good-natured, and told her to go right off and order an Easter hat, regardless of expense, and have the bill sent to him. He also went so far as to ask her if she needed any new dresses, or whether she thought the old ones could be made to answer by being made over. Mrs. Jenkin is a sort of impossible woman, and she told her husband she preferred making the old ones over. The reader may think this an exaggeration; but to the umbrella,

On the second day Mr. Jenkin attempted to suppress a bull-dog with it. The bull-dog was on the inside of a picket-fence, trying to be happy by barking at passers. He would spring at them and take in a mouthful of pickets instead; but this didn't break his heart. He would spit out the paint and splinters, and make a fresh dive with the same result. It wasn't as monotonous to him as it would be to a man. One mouthful of ordinary fence would have satisfied any man; but it is different with a dog. A dog is not so easily convinced, and speculation is one of the things that he cannot stand. So, after he had been loosening his teeth on the fence for some time, along came Mr. Jenkin, who pushed his umbrella through with the intention of stirring the dog up. The dog took a good hold, and, in about half a minute, he was rolling around, wrestling with it as though it was another of his own kind. He seemed to be feel-

ing round for an ear, and he was just as happy as though the umbrella had chewing powers, and was getting in on his life for all he was worth.

Mr. Jenkin was full of good spirits; he spoke kindly to the dog, and then encouraged the umbrella, which he could not pull out of his mouth. And when he saw the dog husk off all the silk roof, and hand him back the handle and ribs with a polite bow, he invited him out to have a mutton chop, under the impression that a kind word turneth away wrath. But the dog didn't know this, for he never went to Sunday school much, and, when he did, it was only around picnic time. So he kept on sightseeing for more umbrellas to conquer, while Mr. Jenkin departed with the handle in his hand and a hymn on his lips.

And now the umbrella-handle stands in an earthen jar, with a *petite* flower tied to it, except upon those festive occasions, when young Jenkin appropriates it to play shinney with.

R. K. M.

#### "HAWKEYE" DOTS.

Yes, my son, an Indian scout is really and truly good for something besides blood-and-thunder plays and novels. They are going to hang three of them out in Arizona next Friday.

THE difference between the Irish and the English aesthetic who visits these shores is this: When the Irishman lands at Castle Garden he takes off his knee-breeches, but when the Englishman reaches America he puts his on.

A FATAL disease is raging among the mules in Arkansas. The animal is attacked with a kind of paralysis in the hip; one day it kicks at a passing boy, an easy shot, falls short of the target eighteen inches, and dies of mortification and sorrow.

#### ODE on Longfellow's birthday:

Goodness, gracious, sakes alive,  
Longfellow's s-e-v-e-n-t-y-five!

WOMEN in Scotland are allowed to vote this year on municipal questions. Heck, sir, Annie Dickinson, hew awa, mon, whaur are ye gangin till all round the West?

"Ma," said the youngest boy, looking up from the harness he was making for the cat: "Ma, is Uncle Ben a church member?" "Why, yes," said his mother: "of course he is; why do you ask?" "Well, he don't act like one," said the boy: "he don't swear like Elder Shortsniff, and he's an older church member than Uncle Ben."

"YOUR heart," said the lecturer: "beats seventy times a minute." Well, we don't know much about physiology and anatomy, but this heart business depends a great deal. The ordinary heart may be able to get along very comfortably on seventy beats a minute in the day time, and at dinner or at church, or that sort of thing, but bless your anatomical ideas, doctor, we have stood on the outside of a little swinging gate, no later than ten o'clock on a night in June, not saying a word, but just looking at a pair of brown eyes on the other side of the pickets—eyes that paled the starlight—and just waiting for the moon to get under a cloud, and—and—why—why, man alive—seventy times a minute? Seventy times? A minute? Why, even unto seventy times seventy a second would only be an approximate estimate. We never tried to count them, but we know that seventy times a minute wasn't even freight train time under those circumstances.—Robert J. Burdette.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY calls a primrose "a corollifloral dicotyledonous exogen." As usual, there were no police around to interfere.—*San Francisco Post*.

PUCK's last number is enough to make all of its followers howl with envy. Each succeeding number seems to be the best that can be, but the next one always prove the fallacy of that expectation.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

A RELIGIOUS man will not forget his religion, when his neighbor's dog bothers him. He will go out where that neighbor can hear him, and pray that the neighbor may not be sent to perdition for keeping such an abominable beast. That'll set the neighbor wild with wrath.—*Boston Post*.

A PRIVATE letter from Washington to a gentleman in Bismarck makes mention of the fact that a burglar entered the sleeping apartments of a Black Hills editor, who is a member of the division and admission delegation. It is stated that the editor saw the knight of the jimmy enter, and, watching his opportunity, seized him, and, after a hard struggle, succeeded in robbing him. This is just about what a Black Hills editor would do in such an emergency.—*Bismarck Tribune*.

A LONDON paper, in describing a new style of waltz now popular in that city, says: "There is a decided effort being made to do away with anything like the elegant trois-temps movement, and instead, the athletes of the ball-room put their bodies to the work of dancing much in the same manner as they do in the game of foot-ball, holding their helpless partner firmly at arm's length, and using her, as occasion offers, as a kind of 'battering-ram.'" No matter how much a lady may be "banged," she shouldn't be banged that way. It might shake seventeen dollars worth of store-hair off a belle's head and cause thirty-five dollars worth of teeth to fly half way across the room. It is to be regretted that the effort is being made to abolish the—the trois-temps movement. We rather like that movement. It is much preferable to the knee plus aurevoir motion.—*Norristown Herald*.

#### BABIES OF MAUMEE.

Potatoes they grew small,  
And they ate them tops and all  
In Maumee;  
The babies kicked and squaled  
And mothers spanked them all  
In Maumee;  
CASTORIA's cured them all,  
No babies now that bawl  
In Maumee.

There is no article that has done more good for persons afflicted with Skin Diseases than Swayne's Ointment.

ROSS'S ROYAL BELFAST GINGER ALE.  
Sole Manufactory: Belfast, Ireland.

SEND Name and Address to Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., for Cook Book Free.

#### "AN OPIUM STORY."

The Personal Experience of an Amateur Smoker.—1882.

By ERNEST HARVIER. (Complete.)

Published in FICTION No. XXIX.

A Weekly Story-Paper Containing Only Original Stories.

Ten Cents a Copy.—Four Dollars a Year.

Thirty-two Pages.

"Clear, Wholesome, Pure and Clever."

The following numbers of PUCK will be bought at this office, Nos. 21 & 23 Warren Street, at TEN CENTS per copy: Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 24, 25, 26, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 47, 48, 50, 53, 56, 78, 79, 80, 82, 83, 86, 88, 94, 96, 98, 105, 106, 107, 108, 114, 117, 121.

READ'S GRAND DUCHESS COLOGNE.  
MADE OF OTTO OF ROSES AND FRENCH FLOWERS.  
Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents and \$1.00 a bottle.  
WM. H. READ, Baltimore & Light Sts., Baltimore, Md.

## PUCK.

**DIRECTIONS  
FOR TAKING  
BROWN'S  
Essence of  
JAMAICA GINGER.  
REMEMBER,  
FRED'K BROWN'S.**

The primary effects of this valuable preparation are experienced in its gentle stimulative influence in the stomach, and from thence diffusing itself through the whole system.

It is excellent in all NERVOUS and HYPOCHONDRIACAL AFFECTIONS, some of the most evident of which are an oppression or sense of weight, and flatulency, succeeded by nervous headache, giddiness, etc. These it removes by acting on the stomach as a gentle stimulus, diffusing a mild and cordial warmth, gradually exhilarating the nerves, and giving tone to the digestive organs.

It is also useful in CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, etc., as an external application to the parts affected.

In FLATULENCY, or WANT OF TONE IN THE STOMACH, half a teaspoon-full may be taken twice or three times a day, before meals, in sugar and water, and when the stomach feels oppressed after eating, or distended by flatulency, about 20 or 30 drops of the essence in a wine-glass of water or wine, invigorates and assists digestion. It is excellent in SEA-SICKNESS, in restoring the tone of the stomach.

Price, 50 Cts. per Bottle.

Prepared and Sold at FREDERICK BROWN'S DRUG AND CHEMICAL STORE, N. E. corner of Chestnut and Fifth Streets, Philadelphia.

Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and Dealers Everywhere.

**Protect Your Property**  
BY USING  
**THE WILSON**  
Chemical Fire Apparatus,  
MANUFACTURED AT  
**BUFFALO, NEW YORK,**  
By THE WILSON CHEMICAL  
**FIRE EXTINGUISHER CO.**,  
No. 12 Perry St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Shaving Made Easy!  
**"VROOM & FOWLER'S" SHAVING SOAP**  
given a quick, soft, lasting lather. Sent by mail on receipt of twenty cents.  
C. H. Rutherford,  
26 Liberty St., N. Y.  
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

\$72 A week. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

WHAT is this?  
It is an Art crit-ic.  
Can he paint?  
Yes, fen-ces.  
Does he handle pic-tures?  
Yes, chro-mos.  
What does he do?  
He sells tea.—Quiz.

It is only when the assessor comes around that many of the rich are not fond of displaying their wealth.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

A TEXAS paper has an obituary notice headed: "Died—An Honest Man." What was the trouble, loneliness?—*Peck's Sun*.

THEY say that money does not bring happiness. This is an experiment, however, which every one wishes to try for himself.—*McGregor News*.

AND so Oliver Wendell Holmes is to have the Portuguese Mission. It is obviously just, this widely popular movement of sending poets out of the country to which Arthur looks for re-election.—*San Francisco Post*.

**DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE.**  
Ask druggists for "Rough on Rats." It clears out rats, mice, bed-bugs, roaches, vermin, flies, ants, insects, 15c. per box.

**BISMARCK**  
flavors his Champagne with ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the world renowned appetizer. Have it on your table. Ask your Grocer or Druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

Why be tortured with hard or soft corns? German Corn Remover cures every time. For sale by all druggists.

**THEISS' CONCERTS, 14th ST., NEAR 6th AVE.**  
EVERY AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

**BOKER'S BITTERS**

The Oldest and Best of all  
**STOMACH BITTERS**,  
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.  
To be had in Quarts and Pints.  
**L. FUNKE, JR.**, Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor.  
78 John Street, New York.

**Mark's Adjustable Folding-Chair Co.**  
were awarded a gold medal at the recent Cotton Exposition, at Atlanta. Send for illustrated catalogue. 850 BROADWAY, N. Y. 234 S. CLARK STREET; Chicago, Ill.

**Bicycles, Tricycles, Velocipedes, etc.**,  
Manufactured by WESTERN TOY CO., 50 North Wells Street, Chicago, Ills. Send for Catalogue and Price List.

**SEEDS**  
We will mail *free* our Catalogue for 1882, containing a full descriptive Price-list of Flower, Field and Garden Seeds, Bulbs, Ornamental Grasses and Immortelles, Gladiolus, Lilies, Roses, Plants, Garden Implements. Over 100 pages, beautifully illustrated. Address,  
**HIRAM SIBLEY & CO.**,  
179 East Main St., ROCHESTER, New York. | 200-206 Randolph St., CHICAGO, Illinois.

**TILTON'S DECORATIVE ART COLOR BOX.**—Ten moist water colors and three brushes in a Jappanned tin box. Price 50 cents. **A Book of 24 Pictures in Outline** from Mother Goose, with directions for painting each one. Price 50 cents. Either of the above mailed to any address, on receipt of price, by **S. W. TILTON & CO.**, Boston.

**\$5 to \$20** per day at home. Samples worth 5¢ free. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

**CANDY**  
Address, **C. F. GUNTHER**, Confectioner,  
78 Madison St., Chicago.

THE "WATERBURY" **\$3.50.**—The Cheapest, Reliable STEM-WINDING WATCH

In the World!  
Every Watch warranted. They are so well known as *Correct Time Keepers*, that thousands are buying them in preference to higher priced watches. Gents size, 2 in. diameter. By sending \$3.65 I will send by Registered Mail and guarantee the Watch to reach you safely. **F. DEWING**, 233 BROADWAY,  
(Main Store.) New York City.

**GOLD**  
For Home Decorations & Art Work.  
READY FOR INSTANT USE. Sold by druggists, stationers and paint dealers. Brilliantly illust'd catalogue, 3c. stamp. N. Y. Chem'l Mfg. Co., 3 E. 4th st., N. Y.

**The Largest Retail Clothing House in America.**

**SPRING AND SUMMER 1882.**

Men's, Youths', Boys' and Children's  
**READY-MADE CLOTHING**  
in Large Assortment.

Custom Tailoring by Leading Artists.

**BRONNER & CO.,**  
610, 612, 614, 616, 618 BROADWAY,  
Cor. Houston St., N. Y.

Established 1838.

**PACHTMANN & MOELICH,**

Importers, Manufacturers and Dealers in

**Watch-es, Diamonds, Jewelry,**

**Solid Silver & Plated Ware-s,**

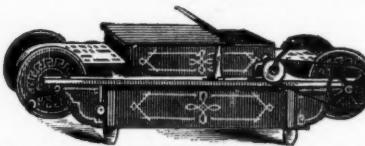
363 CANAL STREET,

Bet. S. 5th Ave. & Wooster St., New York.

Bargains in every department.

Nickel Stem Winders, 4¢. Solid Silver American Watches, \$10.—Stem Winders, \$14. Solid Gold Stem Winders, \$30. Diamond Studs, \$10 and upwards. Solid Gold Buttons and Pins. The largest assortment of Jewelry at lowest prices. Repairing of every description neatly executed. Goods sent C. O. D. to any part of the U. S. New Illustrated Price List.

**THE ORGUINETTE**



IS THE MOST WONDERFUL MUSIC-PRODUCING INSTRUMENT IN THE WORLD.

IT PLAYS EVERYTHING—SACRED, SECULAR AND POPULAR!

IT IS A MARVEL OF CHEAPNESS, AND THE KING OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS!

Large Pipe Organs, Pianos and Reed Organs may all be seen operating mechanically as Orguinettes, Musical Cabinets, and Cabinettos, at the most novel and interesting music warerooms in the world.

**No. 831 Broadway,**  
Between 12th and 13th Sts.  
**THE MECHANICAL ORGUINETTE CO.**  
Sole Manufacturers and Patentees. **Send for Circular.**

**NICOLL The Tailor,**

620 BROADWAY,  
And Nos. 139 to 151 Bowery, New York.

Pants to order..... \$4 to \$10.  
Suits to order..... \$15 to \$40.  
Winter Overcoats, from \$15 up.  
Samples with instructions for SELF-MEASUREMENT sent free to every part of the United States. Branch stores in all principal cities.

**\$200 A MONTH—Agents Wanted.** 100 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free for 6c. stamp. Also \$2 Watches. **FELTON M'F'G. CO.**, 138 Fulton St., New York.

**DECKER'S**



POOL and BILLIARD TABLES,  
with Patent Corded Edge Cushions, warranted superior to all others, and sold at low prices and on easy terms.

Good second-hand tables always on hand.

**WAREROOMS, 726 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.**

**"JUST OUT."**  
BOOK OF INSTRUCTION  
IN THE USE OF  
**INDIAN CLUBS,**  
**DUMB-BELLS,**  
And other exercises. Also in the Games of  
**QUOITS, ARCHERY, ETC.**  
Fully illustrated, bound in cloth. Price 25  
cents. SENT TO ANY PART OF THE U. S.  
ON THE RECEIPT OF 30¢ POSTAGE STAMPS  
**M. BORNSTEIN**, Publisher,  
15 Ann St. New York.

**JENNINGS' SANITARY DEPOT**

JENNINGS' PATENT WATER CLOSETS.

No. 7 Bowery St., N. Y.



Mention this paper.

AGENTS can now grasp a fortune. Address RIDEOUT &amp; CO., to Barclay St., N. Y.

**M. M. ETTZ.**  
STEAM PAMPHLET & BOOK BINDER,  
No. 51 BEEKMAN STREET.

An Austin gentleman, whose name we suppress, is in the habit of beating his wife. A few evenings ago, a neighboring family was disturbed by the usual howls of the wife and the heavy thuds of the club.

"Ain't it dreadful?" said the wife of the neighbor.

"Well, I don't feel any sympathy for him. If he don't find any pleasure in beating her, he can hire somebody to do it for him. If he is overworked, it is all his fault," was the heartless reply.—*Texas Siftings*.

DON'T boast of the great number of your good friends until you have had an opportunity to try them—been compelled to hunt bail, for instance.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

**SOHMER**

PIANOS.

PREFERRED BY LEADING ARTISTS.

Salesroom: 149-155 E. 14th Street, N. Y.

**CARD FIENDS.**

"Oh! I am a Daddy," sent on receipt of four 3c. stamps. Sun Flowers, 10 inches wide, sent on receipt of four 3c. stamps. A full set of "Patience" cards, sent on receipt of two 3c. stamps. Card catalogue enclosed.

C. TOLLNER, Brooklyn, N. Y.

**COLUMBIA BICYCLE.**

It is what every boy wants, and what every man ought to have. Send 3-cent stamp for catalogue and price-list to

**THE POPE M'F'G CO.,**

575 Washington St., Boston, Mass. New York Riding School, 34th St., near Fourth Avenue.

EVERY READER OF "PUCK" MAY HAVE  
**DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC BRUSHES**  
ON TRIAL,

As you will read in the Golden Rule below.

**THE HAIR BRUSH**

Is Warranted to and does Cure Nervous or Bilious Headaches and Neuralgia in 5 Minutes; Dandruff, Diseases of the Scalp, Falling Hair and Baldness. Promptly Arrests Premature Grayness, Makes the Hair Grow Long and Glossy. The continued use of Pills, etc., works irreparable injury. Ask any Physician.

It will Positively Produce

A rapid growth of hair on bald heads, where the glands and follicles are not totally destroyed.

**FLESH BRUSH**

Quickens the circulation, opens the pores, and enables the system to throw off those impurities which cause disease. It instantly acts upon the Blood, Nerves, and Tissues, imparting

A BEAUTIFUL CLEAR SKIN,

New Energy and New Life

TO ALL WHO DAILY USE IT.

It is Warranted to Cure

Rheumatism and Diseases of the Blood, Nervous Complaints, Neuralgia, Toothache, Malaria, Lameness, Palpitation, Paralysis, and all pains caused by Impaired circulation.

It promptly alleviates Indigestion, Liver and Kidney Troubles, quickly removes those "Back Aches" peculiar to Ladies, and imparts wonderful vigor to the whole body.

We will send either Brush on trial, postpaid, on receipt of \$3. Inclose 10 cents extra and we guarantee safe delivery; or request your nearest Druggist or Fancy Store to obtain one for you, and be sure Dr. Scott's name is on the box.

MENTION THIS PAPER.

As soon as you receive the Brush, if not well satisfied with your bargain, write us. The Proprietors of this Publication know Dr. Scott to be respectable and trustworthy. A Brush has been placed in the hands of the Mayor and Postmaster of New York, as a guarantee of good faith. Remittances should be made payable to **Geo. A. Scott, 842 Broadway, New York.** There will be no charge in Checks, Drafts, Post Office Orders, Currency, or Stamps.

LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO THE TRADE. Agents wanted in every town. Send for Circular of Dr. Scott's "Electric Corset."

**THE GOLDEN RULE.**

To remove all doubt and allow you to try the Brushes, **every one sending us \$3.00 for either of them, and MENTIONING THIS PAPER,** will receive the Brush postpaid and with our check for \$3.00, as below. This gives you double security for the money sent. Upon receiving the Brush, if unsatisfactory, return it and our check will be promptly paid through any Bank or at our counter. In respect to our prompt payments we refer to The Proprietors of this Paper, Messrs. Keppler & Schwarzmann; Messrs. Harper & Bros.; The Bank of the Metropolis, New York; London and County Bank, London; Messrs. Frank Leslie; Scribner's; Scientific American, etc.



Not  
Wires.

Pure  
Bristles.

No. 194 FIFTH AVENUE,  
Under Fifth Ave. Hotel.  
No. 212 BROADWAY,  
Corner Fulton Street.

**STYLES ARE CORRECT !!**

Agents for the sale of these remarkable **HATS** can be found in every city in the U. S.  
All Hats manufactured by this house are the recognized standard of excellence throughout the world. None genuine without the trademark.

## CARPETS.

**ARNOLD,  
CONSTABLE & CO.**  
ARE OFFERING AT RETAIL  
**5-FRAME BODY BRUSSELS**

AT \$1.25 PER YARD.

These Carpets are warranted of the very best quality, but last season's patterns. Also, the best Tapestry Brussels, at 80 cents and \$1 per yard, in all the newest patterns and colorings.

Broadway, corner 19th St.

**ARNOLD,  
CONSTABLE & CO.**

SPRING FABRICS.

A choice selection of Early Spring Novelties in Woolen Dress Materials, Suitings, Satins, Zephyras, Percales, Cambrics, Batistes, &c.

Broadway, corner 19th St.

**The Aesthetic Fan.**  
This fan is decidedly "too too," and has received Oscar's approval. When closed, it is, to all appearance, a genuine Henry Clay cigar, but on pulling the top a yellow fringe appears, which gradually spreads into a gorgeous Sunflower, forming a hand some circular fan, of which the cigar is the handle. On closing the fan, it gradually disappears within itself until only the brown cigar is left. The fan is strong and compact, can be opened and closed rapidly, and occupies no more room than an ordinary cigar. All persons of Aesthetic tastes should secure one at once. Price, 30 cents each, 4 for \$1; one dozen, \$2.50, by mail, postpaid. Postage stamps accepted the same as cash. Address, EUREKA TRICK & NOVELTY CO., 87 Warren Street, New York.

**KEEP'S SHIRTS.**

KEEP'S SHIRTS,  
COLLARS, CUFFS, UNDERWEAR, GLOVES, NECK-  
WEAR, HOSIERY, UMBRELLAS, &c., &c.

Descriptive Circulars, containing samples and directions for self-measurements, mailed free.  
Address all letters to headquarters of

**KEEP MANUFACTURING COMPANY,**  
631, 633, 635, 637 Broadway, New York.

## AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

The most delightful, instructive and pro-  
fessional of the arts, for ladies or gentlemen,  
is easily mastered by use of the complete  
Dry Plate outfit, and full instructions fur-  
nished with.

**WALKER'S POCKET CAMERAS.**  
Accurate, compact, weighing but two  
pounds, invaluable for tourists. An Es-  
say on Modern Photography, beautifully  
illustrated, with sample photographs pro-  
duced by this instrument in the hands of  
amateurs, sent on receipt of Ten Cents.  
Circulars free. Wm. H. Walker & Co.,  
Box A, 500, Rochester, N. Y.

**BEATTY'S ORGANS,** 27 stops, \$90. Pianos, \$125 up. Fac-  
tory running day and night. Papers free.  
Address, DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

**THE BIGGEST THING OUT** (new) Illustrated Book.  
E. NASON & CO., 111 Nassau St., N. Y.

## KNOX, THE HATTER'S WORLD RENOWNED

ENGLISH HATS,  
"Martin's" Umbrellas.  
"DENTS" GLOVES.  
Foreign Novelties.  
**QUALITY — THE BEST !!**

All Hats manufactured by this house are the recognized standard of excellence throughout the world. None genuine without the trademark.

It is said in the patent office reports that patents were granted last week to women. That is as it should be. We have thought for years that women ought to have been patented, and are glad that it has been done finally. They are the greatest invention of this or any other age, and it is ridiculous to think of fortunes being made on the invention of mouse-traps, tobacco-boxes, sewing-machines and breech-loading firearms, when there is no patent on women, the great labor-saving sewing-machine, and generally useful article. The party who has got a patent on woman has got a fortune, as no person who enjoys the society of the patent will kick on paying a royalty. Now let the newly-patented article vote, and it is all right.—*Peek's Sun.*

Constitutional skin diseases of a scrofulous character are successfully treated with Dr. Benson's Skin Cure, internal and external treatment, both pleasant. It certainly removes scrofula, eruptions, dandruff and tan, and makes the skin smooth and healthy.

**BLAIR'S PILLS.**—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval box \$1; round, 50c. At all Druggists.

## GET POSTED

### BEFORE PURCHASING FURNITURE

Send for Manufacturers' Illustrated Catalogue of 104 pages, containing 600 engravings of all styles of Furniture, with price list. The Catalogue will be mailed to any address on receipt of 50c., or delivered in New York, Brooklyn or Jersey City C. O. D. Address, E. C. BARLOW, FURNITURE TRADE BUREAU, 150 Canal Street, New York.

### ESTERBROOK'S PENS.

ALL THE POPULAR STYLES.

\$777<sup>a</sup> Year and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address, P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

### PRICES:

**\$9, \$10, and \$12.**



## Target Air Guns.

Especially adapted for target practice. Equally suited for touching up trespassing cats and dogs, killing rats and small game. Our guns are extremely simple in construction; well made and handsomely finished; easily operated, and shoot with force and accuracy, and not liable to get out of order. All first-class gun dealers sell them. Illustrated circulars sent on application.

Please state where you saw this.

## Books! 2½ Cts. Each. Books!

### This Unparalleled Offer,

of every man, woman and child in America who can read! Some months since we advertised ten useful books for 25 cents. The success of that offer has encouraged us to now issue another collection, nearly double the size of those previously advertised, and much neater and handsomer. The following new books are each published in neat pamphlet form, handsomely illustrated, and printed from large, clear type on fine paper. They are not little short stories, but are valuable books—complete long novels and other works by the foremost writers of Europe and America, and in cloth-bound form would cost at least \$1.00 each. We will send the entire lot, **Ten in Number**, by mail, post-paid, upon receipt of **25 cents** postage stamp. The titles are as follows:

4. **LAURENCE STERNE.** A novel. By Miss Mulock, author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc.

5. **ANOS BARTON.** A novel. By George Eliot, author of "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," etc.

6. **CAPTAIN ALICK'S LEGACY.** A novel. By M. T. Calder, the celebrated American author. [of "East Lynne," etc.]

7. **HENRY ARKELL.** A novel. By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "Madeline's Lover," etc.

8. **THE HISTORY OF A MYSTERY OF COMMON THINGS.** A complete Encyclopedia of all the common and familiar things which we see every day around us, likewise the culture and manner of growth of all kinds of foreign fruits, nuts, spices, etc., with illustrations.

Remember, we will send all the above books by mail, post-paid, upon receipt of only Twenty-five cents in postage stamp. Remember also that these books are nearly double the size of those formerly advertised, and much handsomer in typography and execution, while the price is less than ever seen a chance to get so much for so little money before? Twenty-five cents in postage stamp in these books now will furnish enough for the whole family for many hours' entertainment, to say nothing of the educational value you will derive from them. Just think of it—ten valuable Books for 25 Cents! Don't miss the chance! Send for them, and if you can conscientiously say that you are not perfectly satisfied, we will refund your money and make you a present of them! Not less than the entire list of ten will be sold. For \$1.00 we will send Five Sets of the ten books; therefore by showing this advertisement and getting four of your neighbors to buy one set each, you can get your own books free. As to our reliability, we refer to any newspaper publisher in New York, and to the Commercial Agencies, as we have been long established and are well-known. Address,

F. M. LUPTON, Publisher, 27 Park Place, New York.

## DECKER BROTHERS, PIANOS, 33 UNION SQUARE, N. Y.

### THE PEOPLE'S FAVORITE CIGARETTES.

Over one hundred millions sold in 1881.

Exquisite, Dainty and Delicious.

Harmless, Refreshing and Captivating.

Unrivalled for Purity and Excellence.

### FRAGRANT VANITY.

Finest rare old Virginia.

### THREE KINGS.

Turkish, Virginia and a small portion of selected Perique.

### NEW VANITY FAIR.

Half Turkish and half Virginia. New mixture since January, 1882. Very mild and very fine—unlike any ever before offered.

Nine First Prize Medals awarded.

Best now made.



### The Wilson Patent Adjustable Chair, WITH THIRTY CHANGES OF POSITIONS.

Parlor, Library, Invalid Chair, Child's Crib, Bed or Lounge, combining beauty, lightness, strength, simplicity and comfort. Everything to an exact science. Orders to mail promptly attended to. Goods shipped to any address, C. O. D. Send for Illustrated Circulars. Quote Puck. Address the WILSON ADJUSTABLE CHAIR MANUF'G CO., 661 Broadway, N. Y.



### Nickel Fixture with Three Rolls of Paper.

To secure the rapid in-  
troduction of our ONE  
FIXTURE, GRATIS,  
on receipt of \$1 for four  
rolls of paper.

### TAPE WORM.

INFALLIBLY CURED with two spoons of medicine in two or three hours. For particulars address with stamp to H. EICKHORN, No. 6 St. Marks Place, New York.

## MC CANN'S HATS

\$2.90 FOR A \$5.00 SILK HAT.  
\$1.75 FOR A \$2.50 SOFT HAT.  
\$2.40 FOR A \$3.50 DERBY HAT.  
**218 BOWERY.**

Ladies undecided as to what to buy for Spring wear may be helped to a decision by inspecting H. C. F. KOCH & SON'S select stock of NEW SPRING DRESS FABRICS, embracing the latest novelties in Silks, Dress Goods and Sateens, as also a most elegant and complete line of Laces and Fine Embroideries for trimming purposes.

The Spring Suits and Wraps already in stock are selected with the well-known good taste of this firm, and will be found at prices, as usual, lower than those of any other house.

H. C. F. KOCH & SON,  
Sixth Avenue, and  
102, 104 & 106 W. 20th St.

Their Spring and Summer Fashion Catalogue will be out on or about March 15th, and will be mailed free to any one sending full address.

## ARNHEIM

**The Tailor,**  
190 & 192 BOWERY, cor. SPRING ST.,  
NEW YORK.

We take pleasure in notifying the public in general that our Stock for the Spring Season is completed, and it will benefit our patrons to inspect the large variety of goods for gentlemen's wear, the latest in pattern and color, which we have on our counters.

Through our early purchase from the first houses here and abroad, we are able to offer

**Elegant Trousers, made to measure, at \$4**  
**Fine Suits, " " " 16**  
**Spring Overcoats, " " " 15**

Artistic Cutting and Superior Workmanship Guaranteed.

Our only Branch Store in this City is at  
305 BROADWAY, corner Duane Street.

## WM. NEELY.

**BOOTS & SHOES**

348 Bowery, Cor. Great Jones St.  
WHOLESALE HOUSE, CORNER CHURCH AND DUANE STREETS.  
A full line of E. C. Burt's Fine Shoes.  
All Goods marked in Plain Figures. Winter and Spring Styles Now Ready.

A. WEIDMANN & CO.,  
306 BROADWAY,  
Cor. Duane Street, NEW YORK.

BRANCH: No. 244 GRAND ST., Near Bowery.  
IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF

**TOYS,**  
Masks, Gold and Silver Trimmings, Spangles and other  
Material for Costumes, Fireworks, etc.  
Catalogues sent on Application.

**30 DAYS' TRIAL FREE**  
We send free on 30 days' trial Dr. Dye's Electro-Voltaic Belts and other Electric Appliances to those suffering from Nervous Debility and Kindred Troubles. Also for Rheumatism, Liver and Kidney Troubles, and many other diseases. Speedy cures guaranteed. Illustrated Pamphlet free. Address

VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

IT is extraordinary what wonderful feats are sometimes accomplished by poets and novelists. Victor Hugo says: "I could live forever on the invisible." Victor never evidently devoted his shining talents to the newspaper business, or he would have wanted his three square meals a day.—*Commercial Advertiser*.

AND so the Princess Helena is to have a million and a half for a dowry. We always said we would some day be sorry for jilting that girl. We hope she will have the decency to return that work-box and lock of hair by the next steamer.—*San Francisco Post*.

CONKLING hesitates about accepting \$10,000 a year, and yet he is called a Grant man. Now, Grant wouldn't be guilty of refusing to accept anything.—*Kronicle Herald*.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has rapidly made its way to favor among druggists, who have observed its effects on the health of their customers. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

"Nine Letter Puzzle," by mail 12 cents. Address "PUZZLE," 446 Broome Street.

## G. ROBERT MARTIN, 31 COURTLANDT ST., NEW YORK,



Manufacturer of the celebrated MARTIN'S GUITAR, and proprietor and manufacturer of Dobson's Patent Closed Back Banjo. Send for Illustrated Catalogue, and mention this paper.

## THE GREAT EGYPTIAN MYSTERY.

The cadaverous-looking genius, who creates all the fun, is confined in a handsome little box about 2½ inches square, ½ inch in depth and labeled "The Great Egyptian Mystery." When the hook is slipped out of the staple, the "Mystery," like a flash of lightning, springs two or three feet into the air, oftentimes into the face of the person opening the box. This ghostly personage, when released from his casket, stands 6½ inches high in his night dress, or more than 10 times his height when confined in the box, and any one upon whom the joke has been perpetrated is sure to want one for use among his friends. But a moment is required to replace the figure and set the box ready for the next victim. It is light and portable, and can be carried in the pocket, occupying no more room than an ordinary tobacco box. Price, 18 cents, or 6 3c. stamps; 3 for 45c.; 1 dozen, \$1.50, by mail, post-paid. Address, EUREKA TRICK & NOVELTY CO., 37 Warren St., New York.



## "I'M A DADDY!"

Funniest set of Card Pictures ever published. Send 12 cents, or four 3 cent postage stamps to HAPPY HOURS BAZAR, 21 Beckman St., New York.

CUT THIS OUT.  
TO AGENTS.—This set is selling fast—you can sell lots of them.

**CRANDALL & CO.,**  
OLDEST RELIABLE HOUSE.  
**PREMIUM BABY CARRIAGES,**  
with latest improvements; Crandall's parasol top, shifting to any position. Send for price list. Goods shipped C. O. D.

Warehouses—Third Ave., bet. 37th & 38th Sts. Ask for the Genuine Crandall Safety Carriage.



Thirty-two Pages. Price Ten Cents.

## FICTION

A Weekly Story-Paper Containing Only Original Stories.

"Clear, Wholesome, Pure and Clever."



is acknowledged by judges to be the best cuvee now in existence. It is selected by the Czar and is largely consumed by the nobility of Russia, who are known to be connoisseurs of champagne.

GIBSON, DULANY & MEYER, Sole Agents, 40 Beaver Street, New York; 4 Exchange Place, Baltimore.



## ANGOSTURA BITTERS.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.  
An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, but beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

J. W. WUPPERMANN,  
(SUCCESSOR TO J. W. HANCOX.)  
Sole Agent for the United States.  
51 Broadway, NEW YORK.



The most reliable Aperient. Sure cure for Gout, Rheumatism, Liver and Kidney Diseases. Recommended by the highest medical authorities. Beware of imitations.

ALB. REUTER, 30 Vesey St., N. Y., Sole Agent.

**KARL HUTTER'S**  
Patent Lightning  
Bottle Stoppers

ALSO  
Lager Beer, Weiss Beer, Soda and  
Ginger Ale Bottles,  
Best quality. Special attention paid to orders  
with name blown in the bottles.  
A LARGE SELECTION OF BOTTLERS' SUPPLIES.

KARL HUTTER,  
185 Bowery, New York.



**IMPERIAL GERMAN MAIL**  
**North German Lloyd**  
STEAMSHIP LINE between  
New York, Southampton & Bremen  
Sailing every Saturday.

Company's Pier, foot of Second Street, Hoboken, MAIN, Saturday, March 11th. | MOSEL, Saturday, Mch. 25th  
ODER, Saturday, March 18th. | ELBE, Wednesday, Mch. 29th.

Rates of passage from NEW YORK to SOUTHAMPTON.

HAVRE, or BREMEN:  
First Cabin, \$100; Second Cabin, \$60; Steerage, \$30.

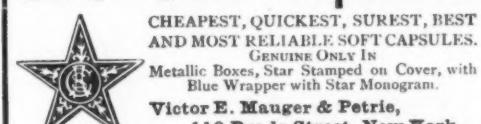
Return tickets at reduced rates. Prepaid Steerage Certificates, \$27

OELRICHS & CO., General Agents, No. 2 Bowling Green.

**AMERICAN**  
**Star Soft Capsules.**

CHEAPEST, QUICKEST, SUREST, BEST  
AND MOST RELIABLE SOFT CAPSULES.  
GENUINE ONLY IN  
Metallic Boxes, Star Stamped on Cover, with  
Blue Wrapper with Star Monogram.

Victor E. Mauger & Petrie,  
110 Reade Street, New York.



P U C K.



DRIVEN INTO EXILE.

MEYER, MERRILL & OTTHMANN, LTD., 23-25 WARREN ST., N.Y.